

(FLORENCE forces a smile as OLIVE opens the door. TWO GENTLEMEN in dark double-breasted suits, each with a mustache and each holding a box of candy and a bouquet of roses, stand there. They are extremely polite, good-natured, good laughers and have engaging personalities. They speak with Castilian accents. They are, of course, MANOLO and JESUS.)

OLIVE. Well, hello there. Or should I say, "Buenas Dias"?

MANOLO. You can, but ees wrong. Say "Buenas tardes."

JESUS. Dias ees morning.

MANOLO. Tardes ees evening.

OLIVE. Got it. I capeesh.

MANOLO. No. You "comprendo."

JESUS. Capeesh ees Italian.

MANOLO. Comprendo ees Spanish.

OLIVE. I understand.

MANOLO. I understand is English. (*The boys and OLIVE laugh.*)

OLIVE. Well, come on in, "amigos."

MANOLO. Amigos! Very good! (*They come in.*)
Jesus? You have something to say?

JESUS. Si. With our deep felicitations, Manolo and I have brought you fresh flowers and fresh candy.

MANOLO. And red roses for your red hair.

OLIVE. Oh, how sweet.

JESUS. And the candy. I hope you like them. They are no good.

OLIVE. They're no good?

JESUS. Si.

OLIVE. The candy is no good?

MANOLO. Si. Very chewy.

OLIVE. Do you mean *nougat*?

MANOLO. Ah, yes! *Nou-gat*! (to JESUS) Not no good. *Nougat*!

JESUS. I'm sorry . . . We are still new at English.

OLIVE. But very thoughtful. I'll put them in water.

MANOLO. Just the flowers. Candy in water is no good.

JESUS. (to MANOLO) I thought it was *nougat*.

MANOLO. No, this time I meant no good was no good.

OLIVE. (*holding two bunches of flowers and two boxes of candy*) Well, they certainly are beautiful. I feel like Miss America.

JESUS. I feel the same. I miss Spain sometimes.

MANOLO. (to JESUS) No. She means the girl in the bathing suit. We'll talk later. (to OLIVE) Are you alone tonight?

OLIVE. No. Where is she? . . . Manolo! Jesus! I'd like you to meet my roommate and chef for the evening, Florence Unger.

FLORENCE. Mrs. (*extends her hand*) How do you do?

MANOLO. My pleasure is most extreme. (*He bows and kisses her hand.*) I am Manolo Costazuela. (*He bows and kisses her hand again.*) And thees ees my very dear brother, Hayzoos Costazuela.

FLORENCE. (*extends her hand*) How do you do?

JESUS. I am filled with much gratification to meet you. (*He kisses her hand, bows. Her foot automatically bends up behind her.*)

OLIVE. (*extends her hand*) And one for me.

JESUS. Always a pleasure. (*bows, kisses OLIVE's hand*)

MANOLO. And I double the pleasure. (*bows, kisses her hand*) Thees ees a charming surprise for me, Mrs. Unger.

OLIVE. Why don't we all sit down, boys?

MANOLO. Gracias. You like me een thees chair?

OLIVE. I don't know. Park it anywhere.

JESUS. We did. The car is outside.

MANOLO. No. No. She means park yourself. (*The boys laugh.*)

OLIVE. Hayzoos, why don't you sit on the sofa?

JESUS. Of course, eef eet's not too much trouble.

OLIVE. Well, do it the easiest way you can. (*The boys laugh.*) And, Florence, why don't you sit on the sofa next to Hayzoos? . . . or the chair. (*FLORENCE sits in the single club chair. JESUS sits.*) Manolo, aren't you going to sit?

MANOLO. After you, Olivia.

JESUS. (*gets up*) Oh, excuse me.

OLIVE. (*to JESUS*) You don't like that chair?

JESUS. No, I love this chair. Perhaps you like this chair.

OLIVE. No, no. I gave you that chair. Please sit.

JESUS. Of course. (*He sits.*)

MANOLO. (*to JESUS*) Not until Olivia sits.

JESUS. (*He gets up.*) I'm so stupid. Forgive me.

MANOLO. (*to OLIVE*) Now you sit, Olivia.

OLIVE. Good. It's my turn. (*She sits.*)

MANOLO. Now I sit. (*He sits. To JESUS:*) Now you sit. (*He sits. FLORENCE gets up.*)

FLORENCE. Would anyone like anything? (*MANOLO and JESUS get up.*)

OLIVE. Why don't we just see if we can all sit at the same time?

MANOLO. Of course. (*He sits.*)

OLIVE. (*snaps fingers*) Florence, sit! (*FLORENCE sits as MANOLO and JESUS rise in deference.*) Down, boys, down. (*The boys sit.*)

MANOLO. Thees happens all the time een Spain. That's why we have to take siestas . . . Olivia! I am so much impressed with your home.

OLIVE. Oh? You like it?

MANOLO. Like it? No. *Love it!* (*kisses his fingers*) Beautiful, like an El Greco.

OLIVE. Who?

MANOLO. El Greco. The painter, no?

OLIVE. (*looks around, shrugs*) I don't remember *who* painted it. (*MANOLO and JESUS laugh uproariously.*)

MANOLO. You lie to me, Olivia. You say to us eet ees too—er, sloppy—here to invite us. Ees not sloppy.

OLIVE. Yes, but since then I have a woman who cleans every day.

MANOLO. I have the same thing. It's Hayzoos. (*He points to JESUS. They all enjoy this.*)

JESUS. Ees true. I like my house very clean. Manolo and I are very different. I am neat, he is not. I am always on time, he is always late. Ees very difficult to live together, you understand?

OLIVE. I've heard of people like that, yes . . . You've heard of people like that, haven't you, Florence?

FLORENCE. (*pauses . . . then to MANOLO*) . . . You mean El Greco, the great Spanish painter, don't you?

MANOLO. (*a little confused*) Si . . . You wish to go back a little een the conversation?

FLORENCE. No. I caught up. (*There is an awkward moment of silence.*)

OLIVE. Well, this is really nice . . . I was telling Flo the other day how we met.

MANOLO. Ahh . . . Who ees Flo?

OLIVE. She is.

FLORENCE. I am.

OLIVE. Flo is short for Florence.

JESUS. Noo. She is not too short.

OLIVE. No. Her name is.

JESUS. Her name ees too short?

OLIVE. No. It's like er . . . a nickname. Like my name is Olive. But sometimes they call me Ollie. It's shorter.

JESUS. Ollie ees shorter than Olive?

OLIVE. . . . It's a tricky language.

FLORENCE. . . . Actually, El Greco was Greek.

MANOLO. Si.

JESUS. Ah!

FLORENCE. That's what the name El Greco means . . . "*The—Greek*"!

MANOLO. (*nods*) Yes, we know. We speak Spanish.

FLORENCE. I know. I was speaking about art. I read about him in a travel guide. He lived in a Spanish city called Toleedo.

JESUS. (*correcting*) Tolaydo.

FLORENCE. I thought it was Toleedo.

JESUS. No. Ees pronounced Tolaydo.

OLIVE. (*sings*) "She says Toleedo and you say Tolaydo, she says Tomeeto and you say Tomayto . . ." (*She and the boys laugh.*)

FLORENCE. . . . We have a Tolaydo in Ohio . . . Tolaydo, Ohio.

JESUS. No . . . I think that's Toleedo.

FLORENCE. Oh.

MANOLO. You see, Castillian Spanish, you pronounce different than English. Barselona ees Barthelona. San Jo-say is San Ho-say. Very very good vitamins ees berry berry good bitamins . . . So—they haf berry berry good bitamins in San Ho-say but berry berry bad bodka martinis in Barthelona . . . I do good, Hay-zoos?

JESUS. Berry berry nith. (*They laugh . . . Then—there is an awkward silence.*)

OLIVE. Say—hasn't this been one shitty summer? . . .
Oh. I'm berry berry sorry.

MANOLO. Oh, eet ees the most hot I can remember.
Last night Jesus and I sleep with nothing on.

OLIVE. (*sexily*) Is that right?

MANOLO. The old couple next door see us naked. We
leave the door open for the breeze. They see us, they
theenk we are—what ees the word when you theenk two
men love each other?

FLORENCE. Brothers?

MANOLO. No. Not brothers. You know. *Happy* people.

OLIVE. Gay?

MANOLO. Si. Gay. Yes. They think we are gay.

JESUS. We are not gay, believe me. (*They laugh.*) We
are the opposite. What is the opposite of gay?

OLIVE. *Not* gay.

JESUS. Si. Yes. We are *not* gay.

MANOLO. We are the most not gay that ees possible.
(*They laugh at this.*)

JESUS. Tell me, Florence—because you live with
Olivia, do people think you are gay?

FLORENCE. Of course not. That's ridiculous . . . Why
do you ask?

MANOLO. Because each Friday night you only have
women to veesit you, people say funny things.

FLORENCE. We used to play cards, now we play Trivial
Pursuit. What's wrong with that?

MANOLO. That ees a good point. Florence makes a
good point.

FLORENCE. Why is it when *men* play poker, no one
thinks that *they're* gay.

MANOLO. That ees another good point. Florence
makes two good points.